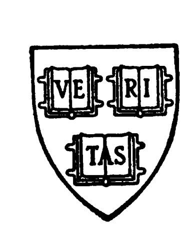
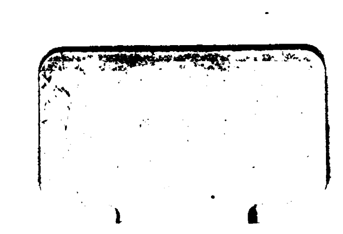

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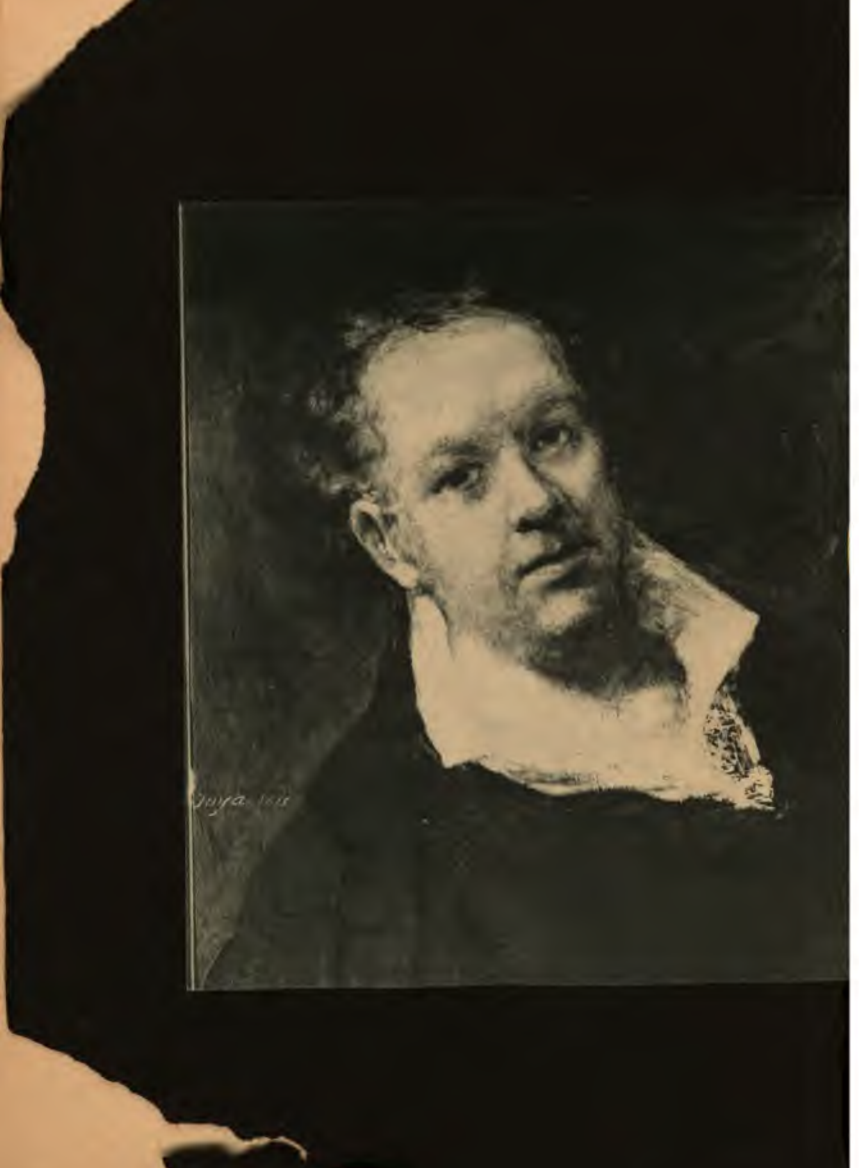
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FRANCISCO DE GOYA

BY

RICHARD MUTHER

Author of

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

TO depict the creative work of Goya is to take a survey of the history of Spain in 1750–1820, nay more, to take a yet more general survey of the history of Europe during this stirring epoch. We must transplant ourselves in thought to those years when an old and beautiful world was falling to pieces, and out of the fermenting, bubbling vat of chaos our present world was slowly taking shape.

But with what terrific strides did not the Time Spirit of those days pass over the lands. *Vive la Joie!* That is the motto that rings out in the beginning of this eighteenth century. The old

aristocratic society—the society of the *ancien régime* — is celebrating with feverish delight its new age of *Rococo*; and from those far-off days there seems to reach us the faint fragrance of the water-lilies and the rustling of silken trains . . . the fan becomes again a weapon of coquetry, and dainty shoes an object of allurement. Nay, the whole world of fashion seems then transported to some isle of Cythera, where the cares of our prosaic life have never found an entrance.

Yet even while these ladies and gentlemen of quality attired as columbines or pierrots are enjoying their pastoral scenes of gallantry . . . upon their billing and cooing there breaks suddenly the sound of rough voices. Menacing symptoms seem to hint that the Plebeian too is claiming his place at this table of Life's delights. The trumpet peal of a new age rings out! The watchword and war-cry of the Revolution: "*Liberty*, *Equality*, *Fraternity*," has been spoken!

In the very forefront of the fray are the great

writers. When they proclaimed entirely new principles of religious, political, and social progress they sowed the seed which ripened at the close of the century. Jean-Jacques Rousseau appears first on the scene. Just as once Tacitus had displayed to the Romans of the Decline the virtues of the old Germanic race, even so Rousseau now showed to that enervated aristocratic world the simple, strong Man of the People. That was in 1761. Thirteen years later came Goethe's *Werther*—a love-story, it is true, but at the same time the utterance of a young Titan, whose craving for freedom would fain break all the silken fetters of society. And soon Schiller too came to follow in his steps, with that first-born of his works, which was a declaration of war against all existing institutions. "*Shame! Shame on this flabby, emasculated century!*" cries Karl Moor in "The Robbers." "*Could I but set in the forefront of an army such fellows as you, Germany should become a Republic, compared to which Rome and Sparta would be women's convents.*" With

marked emphasis *Fiesco* is called upon its title-page "A Republican Tragedy." *Kabale und Liebe* deals unsparing blows at the rotten conditions of existing life.

In 1789 the die was cast; and the Revolution completed what the writers had begun. That saying of the Marquise de Pompadour—"*Après nous le déluge*"—became a frightful reality. Like the mutter of the coming storm, with confused angry notes there rose the strains of the *Ça Ira* and the *Marseillaise*, as out of their huts and garrets, with empty stomachs and parched throats, they poured forth—the disinherited, the People, the *Canaille!*

They press forward, like spectres whom the earth has vomited up, the red cap of Liberty on their heads, and armed with hatchets, pikes or flails.

They crowd into the well-trimmed gardens, into the Palaces and Salons; they drink choice vintages out of the bottles, clink glasses of delicate

Murano ware, which are shattered to pieces in their rough hands. To that motto of "*Vive la Joie*" has succeeded another—"*Vive la Mort!*" We see Marie Antoinette, once Queen of France, her hair cut short, a coarse linen chemise about her body, dragged to the guillotine amid the savage howls of the crowd; while—in one of these dramatic contrasts which only History herself can devise for us—among the spectators of this tragic execution of the Austrian Princess is a young officer, who has come to Paris from a small garrison town with letters of introduction to Robespierre and Danton—Napoleon Buonaparte, the son of a Corsican lawyer, the last of the great Italian *Condottieri.*

Perhaps, as he stands there looking on the guillotine, his pale face absorbed in thought, strange and wonderful fancies come to him which crowd out of his mind even the howls of the mob and the tragedy of the dying Queen—thoughts of Empire and of World-rule. For just as Augustus had

changed the Republic of Rome into the Empire of the Cæsars, so here too in France Republic gives place to Empire. And finally the scene changes yet once more. After that, in those days of Revolution, men had dreamed of the uprising of Humanity from the bonds of servitude—after Napoleon later had swept across the thrones of Europe like an embodiment of Destiny—now comes the Restoration to annul all that the Revolution had achieved. The divinely-appointed Monarchs reascend their deserted thrones. France herself receives Charles X. as ruler. Convent doors again are opened, and black priests swarm like locusts over the land. That ignominious epoch follows, which de Musset described in his *Confessions d'un enfant du siècle.* "And if youth spoke of Fame, the reply was 'Become priests'; and if of Honour and Power, of Love and Life, the reply was ever the same, 'Become priests.'" All the struggles of the past, all the blood that had been shed in them, seemed fruitless and

forgotten; and for a long time all hopes were buried.

Even in Spain, that land of mediævalism, the great movements we have indicated found their echo. Rococo, the Storm of Revolution, the Reaction—here, too, history is summarised in these three phrases. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the watchword, "*Vive la Joie!*" finds in Spain too a ready acceptance. Not, we may well imagine, in the old mediæval Spain. There our thoughts picture gloomy nobles enclosed in icy *grandezza*, or human beings with staring eyes made red with weeping who kneel before the upraised Crucifix. But if we turn aside to Spain of the Rococo—there all is giddiness, frivolity, laughter! Those silken shepherds and shepherdesses of the Trianon, clad in rose-red or blue, have forced an entrance even into this black spot of mother-earth: the whole social life has become penetrated with French elements, with Parisian *esprit*, with Parisian immorality. At first, as long as Charles III.

was on his country's throne, the inner rottenness was still concealed, and something like the sunset glow of the good old days seemed to linger over the land.

But when, in 1788, Charles IV. came to power, a condition of things arose which puts everything else into the shade that the *Chronique scandaleuse* of those eighteenth century Courts has to tell us. Upon the throne there sits a King who seems a Hercules in physical strength; who brawls with peasants, and boxes his own Ministers' ears. And this apparent giant, this being with the gait and voice of a bear, is on the intellectual side a weak, characterless puppet in the hands of his wife. Marie Louise of Parma, a modern Messalina, holds the real keys of power, and plays before the very eyes of her people a drama more loathsome, more cynical in its lewdness, than any heaven-appointed monarch has elsewhere yet achieved. While the King is wasting his time at the cards or shooting rabbits, the Queen is gadding about with young officers. At last one of her lovers, Manuel Godoy, a lieutenant



Madrid, Prado

KING CHARLES IV.

(Painting)

in the Flemish Guard, is appointed Prime Minister of Spain, and—incredible though it seem, it is guaranteed by history—this paramour of the Queen, the illustrious ancestor of the princely family of the de la Paz, is at the same time the minion of the King. And as the Monarchy is rotten to the core, even so is the Court, even so is the whole land. Public offices go to the highest bidder. Eighteen thousand priests are draining at the people's life-blood; and yet this same people remains so convinced of the indisputable sanctity of the Monarchy that for full twenty years it supports this rule of infamy without complaint. The great events in France remain without response in Spain—until at last in 1808 Nemesis draws near to Charles IV. and Marie Louise. The mere fact that the Crown Prince Ferdinand is an opponent of Godoy turns the people's sympathies towards him. Should the old King abdicate, then his favourite's fall must follow. But here—though scarcely credible in Spain—a family quarrel alters the path of history.

Charles IV. hates his own son. He would fain disinherit him; and with his own hands he lays at Bayonne the crown of his country at the feet of the French Emperor. Napoleon appoints his brother Joseph Buonaparte to be King of Spain; and the party of progress welcome him, for they see in him the Liberator, the man who shall deliver Spain from the disgrace of the Bourbon rule. But is not darkness perhaps best suited to a land which has owned the sway of Philip II.; or could a soil where stifling dogmatism had found its native element bear the pure sweet breath of Freedom?* Would not the priests be menaced in their pious indolence if the spirit of enlightenment went abroad through Spain?

So it was that the Reaction raised its head here even earlier than in other lands. The people, in

* *Editor's Note.*—It must be left to the reader of this brilliant synthesis to decide whether the rule of Buonaparte was the precise equivalent of a word which has always been dear to Englishmen.



Madrid, Maison d'Osuna

THE SWING

(*Painting*)

their superstitious reverence for all that was old, with the priesthood at their head, rose in heroic resistance to the foreign invader. Napoleon himself took the land for a while into his own powerful grasp. "*Je la tiens enfin, cette Espagne tant désirée,*" he said, at the close of 1808, to his brother Joseph, as he stood in the hall of the royal palace at Madrid. But not even he, the god of war himself, could succeed in crushing the unconquerable spirit of the people. The Volunteers, supported by England, gained the upper hand. On August 10, 1812, King Joseph fled from Madrid, never to return; and at the last, in 1814, with Ferdinand VII., Retrogression and Clericalism once more ascended the throne. The darkest times of the Middle Ages seem returned; and the Inquisition celebrates new triumphs. "*Every heretic,*" said one of the earliest decrees of the new King, "*shall have his tongue bored through by the headsman with red-hot irons.*" No book could now be published of which the Jesuits had not first satisfied them-

selves that it contained nothing contrary to our Holy Mother Church and the Catholic Faith. As in France, so here too all has become fruitless—all the enthusiastic ideals of the past, all the blood that had been shed for them. And Spain sinks back to vegetate in that condition of oppressive impotency, from which she has never since been able to rise.

In Goya's *œuvre* all these melodies of the Time Spirit are blended together into the wildest *pot-pourri*. In the battle of his age he stood in the forefront of the fray, himself its standard-bearer, its focus. Like some Harlequin with his wand and cap of bells he skips after the funeral car of the old aristocratic society. As a daring reformer he seeks to make ready the pathway of the new age . . . and yet it is as a Pessimist, despairing of everything—even of the Freedom he had once loved so passionately—that he closes his eyes at the last.

CHAPTER II

GOYA AND THE ROCOCO

FRANCISCO JOSE DE GOYA Y LUCIENTES was born on March 30, 1746, as the son of a poor peasant in the village of Fuentetodos in Aragon. Whether or no the Giottesque legend be true—which makes him to be discovered by some distinguished gentleman while he sat among his flocks, busy with drawing—is a question we may leave to itself. In any case, in his fourteenth year he became pupil to a painter at Saragossa.

Then followed years of storm and struggle. Our thoughts go back to Caravaggio when we come to study this Bohemian artist's life, which in

its first years reads like a criminal romance. Wild and passionate, an athlete in his physical strength, Goya is everywhere present when dancing or love-making, scuffling or stabbing is going forward. In one of these affairs of the knife at night three men are left wounded and bleeding, and—just like Caravaggio when he had stabbed his comrade on the scaffolding at Venice—Goya takes hasty flight. He tarries awhile in Madrid, where from 1761 Raphael Mengs had been working, and from 1762 the Venetian Tiepolo. But even there he does not remain for long. He is wounded in some love adventure, placed under police supervision; and, escaping the city with a band of bull-fighters, takes sail to Italy, as if there he had reached at last a harbour of refuge. By the end of the sixties he is in Rome,—where all the artists of the world then flocked to study the antique statues in her Museums. But for Goya the antique had no more existence than the magnificent art of the *cinque-cento:* what attracted him was rather the teeming life of the

people. Out of the red robes of the priests, the costumes, gay with colour, of the women of Trastevere, the merry, careless freedom of the Lazzaroni, he created a fragment of Life, rich with all its varied colour. Muleteers with their jangling cars, religious processions and Carnavale masques —these form the contents of his sketches. Yet even in Rome he cannot tarry long. Once again it is a love adventure that makes the soil too hot for him. The old stories relate that he made his entrance by night into a convent of nuns, was captured, and only escaped the gallows by the most reckless and headlong flight.

In 1771 we find him back in Saragossa, where in fact it was not yet too safe for him, but where the kindly walls of a monastery sheltered him from too curious eyes. And now again, in 1775, the scene changes in the strangest manner. We discover him in Madrid,—the scapegrace adventurer, the hero of the stiletto, married to Josefa Bayen, the sister of a painter of good standing. No less a

person than Anton Raphael Mengs has introduced him to the King. Charles III. sits to him for his portrait; the Prime Minister Florida Blanca follows suit. In 1780 he became a member of the Academy, and in 1785 its Director—surely the most remarkable Director which it ever possessed, the most singular being who ever wielded the sceptre of that highly respected institution.

His works of this period possess no very special interest, for they only treat the same circle of subjects which was then everywhere in vogue. He paints sweetly sugary Madonnas, just as Sassoferrato painted them in Italy and Boucher in France. He makes himself acquainted with the technique of engraving, and engraves those plates after Velasquez, which, like Klinger's plates after Boecklin, possess for us their highest interest because they are the interpretation of a great man by one who will later on himself be great. And more particularly he had at this time to furnish a

Madrid, Prado

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

(Design for Tapestry)

number of designs of tapestry for the Royal tapestry manufactory of Santa Barbara.

The scenes which we shall find him to most favour are the same as were brought into vogue by Teniers and taken over by the French painters of the Rococo period. Peasants are dancing before the tavern, *Ferias* and *Romerias* are in full swing, young couples are lying on the fresh grass. Flasks of red wine, cheese, and bread are laid out upon white tablecloths; or again we see pretty countesses dressed as harvesters and keeping Harvest Home, or else, wrapped up in dainty furs, they are escorted by their cavaliers over the ice. Or it is a visit to the next village, where the year's fair is at its height, and offers the attraction of jugglers, mountebanks and dancing. Elsewhere they play at blind-man's-buff, or joke with the itinerant musician who is winding out his organ-music in the road; or it is a fashionable crowd, with eye-glasses and airs of coquetry, which surges at the hour of promenade in the Puerta del Sol.

In point of style these works are very different from those of the Frenchmen; for they have all the local colouring of the Peninsula. We miss that tender, delicate colouring, those dainty, capricious gestures which we have learnt to admire in the work of Watteau and Lancret. Boldly, almost coarsely, Goya paints side by side the strongest reds and yellows: with brutal realism he depicts the rouge on his ladies' cheeks and the dark pencilling of their eyebrows. The stiff material of the dress conceals all the beauties of the form, and the black mantilla cuts off every possible grace or piquancy of movement; and through this essentially Spanish note Goya's works resemble far more those of his modern compatriot Zuloaga than those of his French contemporaries.

And yet in the history of culture the basis of their creative work is identical. That world of the Rococo, laughing, lovely, passionate for pleasure but foredoomed to death, enters the scene here in a Spanish dress. Especially the picture of the laughing



Madrid, Prado

THE PUPPET-MAN

(*Painting*)

women, who are tossing a stuffed puppet-figure of a man upon a sheet, is symbolic of the whole epoch. Man as a puppet in the hands of woman! Yes! that is the very essence of the Rococo.

In Goya's portraits, too, the aristocratic world of the Spanish Rococo comes before us. In the course of years, as a diligent scholar of Velasquez, Goya had developed into an unrivalled portraitist. He is quite superb when he comes to paint young people, among whom the refinement of an old race shows itself in the supple, courtly gestures, and the pallid, worn features. Whether they wear pearl-grey silk with favours of rose colour, or affect the dark costume of the sentimental Werther, which came into Spain about 1775, both pose and colour scheme have so delicate a charm that we cannot help thinking of Gainsborough's portraits of boys. And his women! They must have been an exceptional racial type, the Spanish women of fashion in this epoch of dissipation. They seem almost bereft of their bodies, almost to float in air,

so white and wan and lifeless are they with the strain of those long nights given up to pleasure—"*with so little blood left in their veins that the pulse beats almost at their will.*" Goya has rendered marvellously this ethereal beauty of an old race—these ladies with the powder on their white cheeks, with the small, finely chiselled noses, and bloodless lips, with the long curls of black or red-coloured hair that fall in waves upon their shoulders. The spare figure is compressed within a tight corset; and from beneath the bright robes of silk, perfumed underwear, trimmed with costly lace, sometimes hints its presence. Is it in grey that they are dressed? Then the warm, soft red of a rose gives the keynote to the silver harmony. Are they wearing white muslin? Then the black of a waistband or a long glove makes an effective note of contrast. Or if he is painting young, unformed girls, we are reminded of Greuze, so daintily are the pale-blue favours set in their hair, so full of meaning are the eyes, such piquant intention is in the pose.



Madrid, Prado

THE MAJA CLOTHED

(*Painting*)

Even in his nude studies of women he knows how to render the quickening pulse of life in a wonderful manner. In this connection of course the famous double picture of the naked and clothed Maja, which hangs in the Prado Museum, comes at once into our thoughts. The one painting shows the figure of a young woman clothed, or, more accurately speaking, naked in spite of her dress. In the other the artist has revealed himself! We do not, indeed, look here upon that majestic, passionate nudity which we come to know in the paintings of Titian, Giorgione, and Palma. No, here we behold the naked beauty of the Rococo. The quivering bosom, the tense, mobile limbs, the dark eyes that gleam with hidden fire, all breathe excitement, expectancy in this nervous body, that is outstretched like ivory upon the milk-white couch which seems designed for love.

The story runs that the lady who is depicted here was a friend of Goya, who bore the stern name of Duchess of Alba. But when the Duke

first expressed a desire to see the master's work, Goya painted that other portrait, which represents the lady less in the simple costume of Eden. And even if this anecdote be not correct (for chronology throws a doubt upon its authenticity), such legends have always some warrant. We have only to look at the master's self-portrait, at this man with the bull-neck and full, sensual lips, to understand that the countless stories which got about on the subject of his relations with the women of high society in Madrid were not all inventions of the fancy. Goya must then have been the terror of all their husbands. He had a marvellous voice. In all the most aristocratic salons the women were at his feet; and perhaps they appreciated the difference between this sturdy man of the people and their decadent lords and masters. In a word, Goya at this time not only painted Rococo, but lived himself to its full the wild passionate life of that Rococo period. It is not till the century's close that he seems to



Madrid, Prado

THE MAJA NAKED

(*Painting*)

change. Had he found in his own personal experience of life that sensual passion has mingled with it an element of bitterness? Or did the piteous spectacle of his country awake in him the Patriot, the champion for its rights? For it is in his later works that first appears to our sight the true, the genuine Goya. He cares no more to show in his paintings how beautiful that old world was, even when it seemed worm-eaten and rotten with decay; instead of this his art now holds up the mirror to its face in derision, and reflects its own frightful image. There is a plate by his hand of "Chronos," who sweeps away, like dirt before his broom, two little Rococo creatures. That print might serve as title-page to this second division of his life-work. To cleanse this Augæan stable of Spain has become the great aim of his life. A partisan of every Revolution, he attacks all institutions without sparing them. Out of all the vices, all the scandals of the age, he piles up a hecatomb of caricature that is as

appalling as it is laughable. But even while he despises, derides, drags through the mud what is of the Past, he is all the time seeking out a better path for the Future.

CHAPTER III

GOYA AND THE REVOLUTION

WE must now consider Goya's work from this new point of view. Loga has lately tried to prove that the picture, traced by the French Romanticists, of Goya as a wild Revolutionary is not at all a correct one.

For this assumed Anarchist has written letters to Spanish Princes—letters which are full of the most submissive servility. And other letters exist from this same assumed Atheist, wherein the name of Madonna comes every moment to his lips. Yet may we not ask whether in the case of Giotto or of Perugino the man is exactly on a line with the artist? They both painted pictures inbreathed

with the most devotional piety—and were, as men, by no means faithful believers. Goya, on the other hand, arranged his conduct as a man conformably to his surroundings; and yet he used his very position as Court painter to fight, far more effectively than he could otherwise have done, for his revolutionary ideals.

How else can we account for the portraits which he painted of the Spanish Royal Family? His existing works tells us plainly that Goya could do with his art whatever he wished! He could be as refined, as aristocratic as Gainsborough—when he had it in view to attain this effect. Therefore it is false when the Art Handbooks remark about him that in these portraits of the Royal Family he was unable to give the impression of Majesty. No! Goya could have quite well given this impression—but he would not! At heart a Revolutionary, an Anarchist, even while painting these Royal portraits he was writing the most biting pamphlets on the Divine Right of Kings.



Madrid

MARQUESA DE LA SOLANA

(*Painting*)

We feel clearly the difference when we look back to Velasquez. For already in those days of Velasquez the Spanish Monarchy was almost a corpse; it was his task to record in his art the last death-twitches of these Spanish Hapsburgs—these wan, sickly creatures, in whose expressionless faces the features of their greater ancestors seem indeed to survive, but parodied into the grimace of gibbering phantoms. But Velasquez was always the faithful servant of his Lords—the aristocratic Court painter of his Most Catholic Majesty. And so even in this decadent race he had seen the remains of former greatness. His paintings have such a sentiment of feudal devotion, are so perfumed by the breath of Majesty, that their own individuality seems merged into the very spirit of the Monarchy itself.

But Goya's work is the satire which succeeds this epic poem. From the very same class of people whom Sanchez Coello and Velasquez painted in such pride of kingly dignity he made a puppet-

show of fools and criminals. Himself a young peasant lad, whose brain was on fire with revolutionary thoughts, he took their talisman of Majesty from the poor Princes who sat to him—and let them appear in all the nakedness of their complete mental inanity before the eyes of a laughing world. Just consider this King of his—this Charles IV. of Spain! Is he not just such a figure of serene stupidity as Wilke would draw to-day for the *Simplicissimus* journal? He sits there, asthmatic and fat, upon his fat asthmatic horse, and with his fat asthmatic dog! How like a Moloch he appears—an evil god who has battened upon the life-blood of his people!

And then his Queen! Maria Louisa was a courtesan seated upon the throne of Spain. She wore the most outrageous toilettes; she displayed, like the harlot that she was, her enticing bosom, her arms bare to the shoulder, as if seeking—despite of her ugliness, her false hair and false teeth—to awaken sexual feelings. Look now how Goya



Madrid, Royal Palace

QUEEN MARIE LOUISA

(*Painting*)

gives this very accent of the courtesan in every line of his portrait of this Queen. She stands there in a deeply *decolletée* dress, her "mantilla" drawn coquettishly over the one shoulder, a huge hat, such as a Parisian *cocotte* might wear, set upon the thick wig, her gaze as direct, as keenly piercing, as that of a bird of prey who is eager for his quarry. No caricaturist of that age or of this, no Rowlandson or Daumier or Léandre, ever set pen to a more venomous satire than this. Where Velasquez in his portrait of Marianne of Austria (who shared in the same human frailty) sets his key-note in her unapproachable icy pride, Goya, on the contrary, in painting Maria Louisa, sets right before us the Messalina, the creature insatiable in her appetite for passion.

As for Godoy, history need not trouble to give us any further details. With Goya's picture as our only guide we could divine the very character of this man—who called himself Prime Minister of Spain, and based his real power upon the evil

passions of its Queen. Then the Crown Prince! As a malicious meddler, a hypocritical *Tartuffe* he comes before us in the colours of history. And it is just so that he is painted by Goya—spiteful and sly, with a restless, hypocritical concealment in his glance, which calls to our thought that scene in Schiller's *Robbers* where Franz Moor interviews the priest. "A grocer's family who have won the big lottery prize," was Gautier's verdict, when he first saw this picture. But these words say far too little; for no words could ever describe all the narrow stupidity, insolence, and low malice which Goya has collected into this one picture. Loga has here been not infelicitous in his comparison with Ibsen's play, *When the Dead Awaken*, in which the sculptor Rubek speaks of the masks which he has just completed, and which, though they seem to represent men, are really heads of horses and donkeys, muzzles of oxen and snouts of swine. In Spain, the most purely Monarchical country of Europe, Goya painted portraits which are a satire upon all Monarchy.

Madrid, Prado

THE FAMILY OF KING CHARLES IV.

(Painting)

The Spain of Clericalism found in him a no less dangerous antagonist. We remain astounded before the pictures with which he adorned the Cupola of a church—that of San Antonio. To be sure, we should not be surprised at them in Italy. Correggio in the Cupola of Parma Cathedral sang his pæan to the beauty of the naked human form, and painted those angels who exhibit their young bodies to our view in the most venturesome poses. Yet all that is but the divine laughter of the Renaissance, where the heathen gods of Olympus found an undisputed place in the Christian Heaven. But Goya lived in Spain; and no painter in the Spanish Churches had ever dared to represent the nude. The painting by De Vargas of Adam and Eve in Limbo gained ill-repute under the name of "La Gamba." In that country all pointed to a stern, Puritanically serious vein of art; gloomy mysticism is united in her artists' works with an ascetic contempt of the body.

We must keep these facts in view—to grasp how

unheard-of were Goya's pictures in Spain. *Si duo idem faciunt non est idem;* and what with an Italian was merely the general tendency of the Renaissance is here the intentional depreciation of everything that belongs to the Church. The Heavens are opened—but it is to disclose naked angels, boys and girls, upon the vaulted ceilings, dancing or resting together or posing in *tableaux vivants*—figures as full of piquant intention as can be found in the most erotic paintings of Fragonard. Near we see holy women, one leaning on a couch, another extended upon a pillowed divan—and all in poses of ecstasy which seem to await the coming of the Heavenly Bridegroom.

Meanwhile in the Cupola itself an incredible scene awaits us. Goya had here to paint the Patron of the Church, S. Anthony; and he has decided to paint him extending his hand in blessing over the cripples. But the fact is we scarcely notice this scene. What we see is a balustrade, and behind it a chequered throng of men and women,

all crowding and pushing together — beggars, mountebanks, old hags, dandies, courtesans. Some throw enticing glances from behind their fans into the space below, others, followed by dandies, raise their skirts like little *modistes* in the *Journal Amusant*, others extend their legs outside the balustrade, so that a most instructive perspective appears to view beneath the frou-frou of creamy lace frills and rosy silken petticoats. Meanwhile other ladies, genuine portraits of well-known beauties of the Court, are dancing a ballet. It is an artistic *can-can*; it is Casanova transferred to colour. All that the Church paintings of the past had created is despised, forsaken: and this satire upon the Church and all its works was written in the land of Zurbaran, of Murillo!

Editor's Note.—Without having seen this work I think it fair to Goya to note here the presence of the Venetian Tiepolo (1762) *at the Spanish Court; and that the whole description is strongly suggestive of the latter's influence, translated into a far coarser key.*

CHAPTER IV

GOYA AS ENGRAVER

WHAT he had not yet expressed in his paintings he tells us as engraver: that is what always happens when an artist who has original powers of thought takes hold of the etching needle.

The slow touch of the brush does not suffice them; they need a medium which will write down their impressions more quickly and more directly. And thus it was that at this time Goya discovered the powers of attack concealed in this art of engraving. Even if at first he had only used the etching needle to complete those copies from Velasquez, now it turned in his hand into the poisoned

dart with which he hit every mark at which he aimed. He drew those plates which made him famous through the world even before it had learned to know and prize him as a painter—those plates in which he set down all his rage and contempt of the men around him, all the hopes and sorrows that dwelt in his soul. His whole art seems like a bull-fight; for everywhere he sees before him some red rag, and hurls himself upon it with the frantic fury of the *toro*.

The first of these works, which appeared in 1797, bears the title of *Caprichos*. It is difficult exactly to express the significance of this word. For Goya has nothing in common with those moral teachers who, towards the latter half of the eighteenth century, appeared in many lands. In France Greuze was then busily engaged in bringing before the eyes of a broken-down Aristocracy the beauties of Virtue, the ugliness of Vice. In England Hogarth had brandished over a drunken proletariat the stout cudgel of morality; and had

considered this purpose achieved if his works could bring a fallen girl to a better life, or turn a devotee of the whisky bottle into a temperance orator. "*Practice rectitude and honesty*"—"*Do not kill*"—"*Do not betray*"—such are the contents of his works. And Goya too pens a pasquinade upon the social, political, and ecclesiastical conditions of his age. He too fights against dandyism and wantonness, against servile courtiers and venal functionaries, against the hypocrisy of the priesthood and the stupidity of the people.

But, both as artist and as thinker, how far he stands above Greuze and Hogarth! Their pictures are sermons on morality. They hold a brief to prove how excellent it is when married couples dwell together in sweet peace, when men repent them of their sins, and honour their fathers and mothers. And we are grateful to them for this wise advice; but all the while it is in our mind that the same thing has been well expressed in the Ten Commandments.



DUENDICITOS

(Engraving from the Capricios)

Goya's plates are inbreathed with a different spirit. He does not want to confine mankind within the cage of a narrow-minded morality. No —he points their way to Freedom! It is a forerunner of Nietzche who is speaking to us, who with strong, daring hand shakes the foundations of all existing *formulæ*. The halo of Kingship—becomes the People's undoing; the learning of the Church—intended to blind the People's eyes. They are astounding, these plates in which he draws devout women and pious *Tartuffes* who with rolling eyes of hypocrisy worship a scarecrow, or priests who drawl out their wonted Litany with dull, impassive indifference.

And the most fantastically strange of all these plates is certainly the one in which a corpse is rising from his grave, and with his dead finger writes the word *Nada*—"Nothingness." In Germany at that time Kant had attacked the Almighty, had declared that God had not created mankind— nay, that Himself was only a creation, an idea of

man. And at the same time in Spain, the most Church-ridden country of the world, the doctrine of immortality was shaken. "There is no such thing," cries Goya, "as this immortality of which the priests speak to us; no such thing as those heavenly joys on which we set our hopes, which bowed us to the earth, which helped us to bear without a murmur want and misery, while these kings and priests were growing fat at our expense."

Actually, Goya had the audacity to dedicate this work to Charles IV.—a subtle jest on the stupidity of the King, who was not even in a position to grasp the meaning or these plates. Yet it is singular that this artist, in spite of his revolutionary tendencies, never creates a prosaically didactic art. He calls his drawings *Flights of Fancy*; and, in fact, it is no dry didactic theory but the most wonderful imaginative power which could inspire these plates. Even any one who does not grasp their inner significance must feel with what marvellous power the most monstrous is here presented in an artistic aspect,



YA VAN DESPLUMADOS

(*Engraving from the Capricios*)

the most inconceivable, most unimaginable, conjured into bodily shapes. Like an uneasy dream, like a grim and ghastly farce, all these forms move past our sight; and what adds to our illusion is the absolute mastery which the artist possesses over the technique of engraving. By mixing pure line with *Aquatinta* he has enriched engraving with a new means or expression, and given it a pictorial charm which even Rembrandt had scarcely attained.

CHAPTER V

GOYA AND THE WAR

THESE are the works of Goya which belong to the reign of Charles IV. And now there follow those years during which Napoleon held Spain within his grasp. Goya, like all the intellectual part of his nation, had welcomed the Emperor. He it was who had the Emperor's commission to select for the *Musée Napoléon* those Spanish pictures, a part of which still hang in the Louvre. But as an artist he now comes to see the *pro* and *contra* of the change: it is the philosopher, not the politician, who now speaks to us. For a fearful tragedy must then have been taking place, when at that moment in Spain the Volunteers took

up arms against Napoleon's soldiery. Goya tells us its story in his paintings. We see the gleam of the gun-barrels, and poor wretches who have been condemned by court-martial falling forward, prone before the musket-fire of the troops. We see mothers in the mad fury of despair trying to shield their children from the savage soldiery : we see dying men in the hospitals raising themselves among those already dead, and vultures on the battlefields feeding on the corpses of the fallen.

In the *Desastres de la Guerra*, which appeared in 1810, all this becomes condensed into a great "Epos"—an epic poem whose true significance in art can be only fully grasped when we place it beside the work of other artists. For nearly all those who before Goya had been occupied with this subject of war had taken it on the side of its *bravura*, its imposing splendour in the world's history. In their paintings we see heroic attitudes, venturesome daring and heroism in death. "*With God for King and Fatherland*" is the motto of most of these

works. That other aspect of war which makes so profound an impression upon us in Tolstoi's *War and Peace* appears very rarely in the story of art. Rubens may, indeed, be cited as an instance. In his allegorical picture of the Pitti Gallery he painted the horrors of war; and in a letter he made clear his intentions on this subject: "*That mournful woman robed in black is my own poor country, which is being wasted by the Furies of War.*" Callot, too, may come to our memory, whose engravings preserved those scenes of horror of the Thirty Years War. But it is not very clear what Callot himself aimed at in these works. Did it really give him pleasure to see these scenes of butchery? Is it a sort of grisly humour which induces him to combine the burlesque with the terrible; or is it merely the artist of the Barocco period that we find here, who delights in wild passions and frantic scenes? In a word, we remain unmoved before Callot's works, for we seem to see no living man behind them. We feel nothing, or rather we have



DIOS LA PERDONE

(Engraving from the Capricios)

the feeling that the artist has himself felt nothing.

But how different with Goya! He was the first to make a deliberate, a conscious impeachment of Militarism. He was the first who not only did not glorify the *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, who no longer showed forth the courage of the dying hero, the pride of conquering armies—but, more than this, who shews all the blood and misery with which this wreath of Glory had been bought, all the Furies of War, Hunger and Disease who tread in its train over the blood-stained soil. Through all his plates there seems to echo that sad question—"*To what End?*" Prisoners are being tortured and deserters riddled with bullets. Faces are distorted in the death agony, and arms upraised in raging madness. All the animal instincts of the *bête humaine* are unchained. The message that was to be given later by Wiertz and Verestchagin was first spoken by Goya in far fiercer accents.

CHAPTER VI

GOYA IN THE REACTION

AFTER the period of War follows the period of Disillusionment. King Ferdinand had returned to Madrid in 1814; and it was all over thenceforward with Liberalism and Freedom of Thought. All those friends of obscurity, those powers of darkness, who had been for a moment scared away, settled themselves anew upon the land. What was Goya's position there now? *Murio la Verdad* is the title of one plate in the *Desastres*, in which a naked woman, Truth, is suffering martyrdom at the hands of priests.

Although Ferdinand had confirmed his appointment as Court painter, and let himself in the

purple mantle of Empire be immortalised by his art, Goya could neither serve this King, nor was there any sense in his opposing him further. And so he drew entirely away from public life. On the outskirts of Madrid, behind Puento de Segovia, he acquired a simple country house. *The Quinta del Sordo* (*of the deaf man*) is what the people called it; for Goya, since 1791, was deaf. His wife and son were dead. Alone, quite withdrawn into himself, he lived in his Villa. And here appeared his last works, in some of which prison and torture chambers are to be found depicted. We are reminded by this that the Inquisition had again raised its head under King Ferdinand. But beyond this there is but little connection in these later works with the history of his time. He only put now into form what interested or charmed him artistically; and in other works, which were intended for no stranger's eyes, he called into artistic shape that frightful nightmare which lay heavy on his soul.

Purely artistic considerations induced him, however, in 1815 to engrave the *Tauromachie.* There is indeed something singular in a bull-fight. If we are in a position to enjoy the spectacle purely from its æsthetic standpoint, we may observe effects of movement and colour of indescribable beauty. First of all the bull himself is a marvellously beautiful animal, full of plastic beauty in his grandly decorative sweeping lines of form. He is marvellous when he steps with dignity into the arena, looks round him, tosses his head and begins the fight; no less marvellous when he lowers his head and rushes to the charge. It is stirring to notice what an element of variety the character of the bull himself introduces into each separate fight. And the movements of the men are just as artistic as those of the bull. Notice the elegance with which the *Bandarilleros* throw the mantle, the coquettish grace with which they spring out of the way, the knightly movement of the *Picadores* as they leap down from horseback, the calm security



TAL PARA CUAL

(*Engraving from the Capricios*)

with which the *Espada* draws his sword. Goya had a professional knowledge of all these details. As a *Torero* he had himself, in his adventurous youth, earned his expenses for his journey to Italy. And thus in the *Tauromachie* he has given us a whole compendium of the art of bull-fighting, has caught moments of as great a charm of movement as ever Manet or Cunois, Besnard or Lucien Simon have ever grasped and held fast for us.

Besides this we have to mention the pictures with which he decorated his country house. Preserved, at least in part, they now hang within the *Museo del Prado*. And it is frightful to note how they seem to clutch at one by the throat, what a sense of uneasy terror they seem to exhale. In his *Capriccios* already Goya had drawn witches and phantom forms in a manner that is astonishing; and in the *Proverbios* as an old man he came back to the same theme. But what in these etchings he had treated in a small compass and in the manner of a *genre* artist, here in his paintings becomes

expanded into monumental forms. Spectres are here hovering around, while gigantic birds of monstrous form fly through the air, croaking and flapping their wings. The dead eyes of blood-stained Medusa heads are fixed upon us with a stony glare.

To recount all these paintings in numerical detail is impossible. There lies a giant upon the summit of a mountain, brooding mischief as he looks down upon a sleeping city. There a man is striving with tremendous effort to climb up a rock, from which a fiend with bat's wings pushes him back—how like to Goya himself, who had fought and struggled as aimlessly as Tantalus. There, again, we see an old man leaning upon his staff and listening to the whispered suggestions of a demon; or elsewhere, beneath a cliff, a dog looks eagerly up after the birds. Pilgrims draw near, from whose eyes hypocrisy and wickedness look out. Spirits in garments of cloud are dancing in the moonshine. Madmen are brooding in gloomy stupidity,



LINDA MAESTRA

(Engraving from the Capricios)

and restless souls arise at midnight from their graves.

We should form a false impression of these pictures if we were to let them recall to our memory those harmless apparitions of witches and devils who come before us in the work of Hieronymus Bosch and of Teniers, of Höllen-brueghel, of Salvator Rosa and Tiepolo.

No, in the whole history of art Goya has absolutely no forerunner. Far closer to our thought in this connection come the words with which Goethe in his *Dichtung und Wahrheit* depicts the impression that Ossian made upon him in his youth. "Thus Ossian had allured us to the farthest Thule, where we wandered over grey, endless moors, among moss-covered tombs, while a terrible wind stirred the grass and a heavy-clouded sky lowered upon us. It was not till moonlight came that this Caledonian night was changed to day. Then departed heroes, withered maidens, seemed to hover around us, until at last we thought that we saw the

very spirit of Loda looking down on us in fearsome wise."

The cloudy mystery of Ossian, the gloomy horrors of the Walpurgis Night, are spread over these works of Goya. Some of them even seem to bring back recollections of E. Th. A. Hoffman and of Edgar Poe. The modern soul with all its forebodings is awakened in Goya; and clothes itself in such forms of monstrous grandeur that we might call him, like the English Fuseli, a Michelangelo gone mad.

For nine long years Goya remained in these gloomy surroundings, alone with the frightful creations of his fancy. Then he seems to have felt himself no longer very secure in Spain. He begged in 1824 for six weeks of leave to visit the sulphur springs of Plombières in Lorraine on account of his gout. Was that only a pretext to get out of Spain? Or did he find the long journey too much for his strength? For Goya never reached Plombières. He spent the last years of his life in

Bordeaux, where the mild climate attracted him, and where he met other Spanish emigrants, friends of his who had been driven from their homes. He was now not only deaf but also half blind, and his creative work in France was therefore necessarily small. Yet one engraving at least remains to show us that the old pessimist had not lost all faith in the future. *Lux ex tenebris* is here the inscription; and a stream of light is seen falling upon a black spot of earth, and scaring away from it owls, ravens —and priests. On April 16, 1828, a stroke of apoplexy seized him at dawn. It was the very time when the French Romanticists were issuing their first manifestoes.

CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSION

HERE then we may pause to consider in what consists this quite unique significance of Goya in the history of art. When we review that mighty epoch which has been called the period of enlightenment, and in which two movements of culture became divided, we soon find ourselves, in the department of art history, to touch upon comparatively barren soil.

It was the great writers who led the fray. This epoch was confronted by so many grave problems that every one who had something to express preferred, instead of the brush, to take the pen in his hand. Thus in art, at least, it was no period of

Sturm und Drang. And later, when the battle had been fought out, when again the artists came upon the scene, it seemed as if they could see their way to nothing of interest within their own time, as if they believed they could only create art by leaning upon the art creations of past ages. Instead of looking forward they looked behind, into the old cultures of Greece and Rome. Karstens imitated Greek vase painting; David illustrated the heroic deeds of the Revolution by examples from Roman history. The very century's close which had been able to suffer, to struggle, to agonise, to beget new ideas—is by no means remarkable in art.

Goya alone seems to belong to that Promethean race which included the young Goethe and the young Schiller. He is the only artist who can be said to enter that group of the great revolutionaries, through whose writings the old world was torn from its foundations. With the fierce crash of the thunder and the earthquake the Time Spirit

advances through his works; and those Sphinx questions, which the epoch set itself to answer, are mirrored as gigantic problems in his paintings.

And later, when all Europe prayed to the gods of Greece, he remained alone unmoved by the spirit of Classicism. For Classicism was a new, even if it was a far weaker, Renaissance. Even in the sixteenth century Spain was the only country which had closed its doors to the Renaissance. Morales and il Greco, Ribalta and Roélas are separated by a chasm, as deep as the world itself, from the Italian idealists. For they did not concern themselves with beauty of form, or with purity of style. Had they to treat the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, or any other religious subject, with them sun-tanned figures from the people must stand for the characters of Bible history.

Goya indeed has nothing in his spirit that is in common with these men. For he laughed at Religion, and laughed at the Monarchy, while the old painters were faithful to both throne and altar.

But what he does possess in common with them is his bold Naturalism.

Those doctrines of beauty of form and of classic purity of style which at the conclusion of the eighteenth century were preached again—in Spain more particularly by Mengs—disturbed him just as little as his predecessors. They shared alike in the view that Reality is the most wholesome fare on which art can be nourished. And inasmuch as he had a freer hand than the older artists—who could only so far introduce Reality into their Church paintings as it would suit itself to the sacred subject—so he it was who grasped together into his hands all those threads of the older Spanish art. Whatever Naturalistic elements lay concealed in the Church paintings of Greco and Ribera, of Velasquez and Murillo, with him are freed from their ecclesiastical frame, and flow forth in unconfined abundance.

For Goya is the first chronicler of the old Spanish life. All that world of the *Toreros* and

Majas, of monks and *Contrabandistas* and *Truhanes* and Witches, which the older painters had been unable to approach, gains through him its definite place and rights of citizenship in the Republic of Art. This very fact that no foreign ideals led him astray gave to his works on their purely artistic side that fresh blood, which only those works possess which come to us from immediate contact with life itself, which are not generated by Academical relations with ancient works of art. We cannot indeed conceal from ourselves the fact that Goya is often as a painter entirely devoid of culture. A man who had so much that he wanted to express could only at rare intervals possess the calm outlook of the artist. Many of his pictures seem confused and barbarous, almost unattractive, so roughly are they daubed in. In others we seem to notice that they are commissions which he discharged in a purely business spirit without any personal pleasure in the task.



Madrid

MAJAS ON THE BALCONY

(*Painting*)

But when he was himself inside his subject, where it was something that appealed to him artistically, then he becomes absolutely astounding. No one else has known like him how to catch and imprison the vibrating pulse of Life. He aims at rendering the most momentary, the most fleeting subjects. He paints in some picture of a yearly fair the billows of Humanity; he paints girls dancing with castanets, bull-fights, scuffles and street scenes. And how full of suggestion is his work! How wonderfully he has contrived for himself in these fleeting subjects which he wished to present a record as instantaneous as the telegraph, a record in which every touch of the brush possesses the stir of life!

He paints a street scene; and the figures in it are only put in as spots. But these spots have life, —this crowd is speaking to us. He paints Spanish girls dancing with the castanets: but every nerve of these dancers is in movement. Neither Boldini nor Sargent has caught these lightning-quick

movements with so immediate an insight and energy. He paints a yearly market: and actually we almost seem to hear the crowd chattering and laughing, as it pushes its way between the booths. He paints a bull-fight: and not only are the movements of the combatants rendered with absolute and unequalled certainty, but even in the seats of the spectators all breathes of life. These thousands of men, who press in front one of the other, and follow the course of the fight with intent eyes, have become in his art a many-headed being, which possesses at that moment one soul, one single pulse.

For Goya always contrives to seize with a few clean, sharp strokes the most striking impression of life. He only needs to take the pencil into his hand, and there comes before our eyes processions advancing over the rose-strewn ground, Majas smiling coquettishly, combatants laying fingers on the knife, young couples whirling in a wild dance, or the lances of the bullfighters dripping red on the

Madrid, Prado

THE BULL-FIGHT

(*Painting*)

sand of the arena. At the same time this masterly creative power is united with the most delicate taste for the *nuances* of colour. While he is often a *plein-air* painter of astonishing truth when he lets his figures move in the full vibrating sunshine, in these last works of his, which are entirely kept within a transparent dark-grey tone, he touches the note of Eugène Carrièré's art. And yet again in other works he sets the pure unbroken colours boldly one against another, just like the later *Pointellistes*. Never does he give us an outlined contour: with him the outline disappears, left entirely indeterminate and bathed in light, and in the way in which he selects and gives us only the living points of his subject he brings back our thoughts to the work of Degas.

It is just here, too, that he connects himself most strongly with us moderns. It was in France that, more than eighty years after his death, he found his first admirers. For the generation which had known Byron, the Europe of 1830, prized in him

not so much the artist as the wild Bohemian, part artist and part brigand. The school of historical painting which followed, which expressed theatrical emotions in Academic gestures, could even less find any connection with the art of Goya. The whole æsthetic movement of the time was entirely hostile to his art. Passavant was the first critic who came to know the Master in his own country, and in 1853 he wrote thus of him : "Francisco Goya gives us a striking proof of the low condition of Spanish taste in art at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century."

Only after the turn of the sixties did the age again take Goya into its favour. That prophetic remark by Otto Runges was then fulfilled : "Light and atmosphere and the movement of life are to be the great problem and the great achievement or modern art." It became the effort of artists to see in life itself the movements and the *nuances* or expression which a former age had studied in old pictures. It became their effort to put in the place

of those brown tones of the Gallery pictures the clear-ringing values of Nature herself.

We all know those first works of Manet—the *Guitarero* and the *Bullfight*, the *Maja* of the Luxembourg, the *Execution of the Emperor Maximilian* and the *Olympia*. But the direct impulse of all these works may be traced to Goya. He, next to Velasquez, is to be accounted as the man whom the Impressionists of our time have to thank for their most definite stimulus, their most immediate inspiration. The last of the old masters, Goya was at the same time the first of the moderns.

CATALOGUE OF GOYA'S PRINCIPAL WORKS

The Holy Family. Painting. Madrid: Prado.

King Philip IV. Hunting in the Prado. Painting. Madrid: Prado.

The Massacre of the Crowds at Madrid by the French Troops on July 2nd, 1808. Painting. Madrid: Prado.

King Charles IV. with his Family. Painting. Madrid: Prado.

King Charles IV. on Horseback. Painting. Madrid: Prado.

King Ferdinand VII. Painting. Madrid: Prado.

Maria Louisa of Parma, in uniform of Life Guards. Painting. Madrid: Prado.

Goya's Self-Portrait. Painting. Madrid: Prado.

Donna Isabel Cobos de Porcel. Painting. London: National Gallery.

Comtesso de Carpio. Painting. Private Collection.
The Dummy-Figure. Tapestry design. Madrid: Prado
Dios la Perdone! Painting. Private Collection.
Blind-Man's-Buff. Cartoon. Madrid: Prado.
The Swing. Cartoon. Madrid: Maison d'Osuna.
The Maja Clothed. Painting. Madrid: Academy of S. Ferdinand.
The Maja Naked. Painting. Madrid: Academy of S. Ferdinand.
Majas on the Balcony. Painting. Seville: Palacio San Telmo.
The Bull-Fight. Painting. Madrid: Academy of S. Ferdinand.
The Picnic. Painting. London: National Gallery.
The Bewitched. Painting. London: National Gallery.
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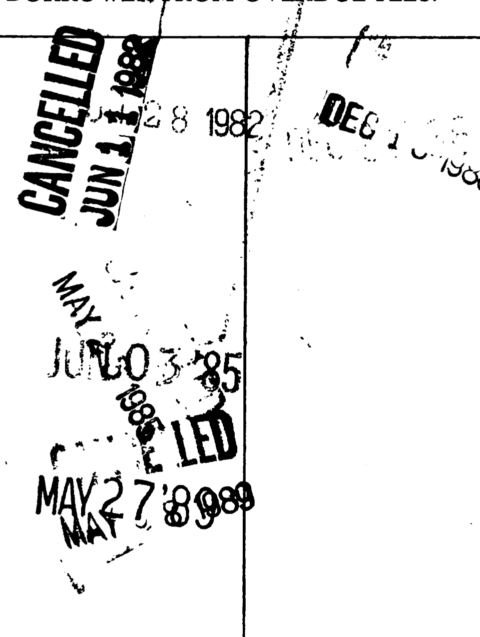
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